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HINTS TO SERVANTS



12
ILLUSTRATIONS
BY
MEADOWS.

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THE GLORIES OF THE KITCHEN.

HINTS TO SERVANTS:

BEING A

POETICAL AND MODERNISED VERSION OF DEAN SWIFT'S CELEBRATED

"DIRECTIONS TO SERVANTS;"

IN WHICH SOMETHING IS ADDED TO THE ORIGINAL TEXT, BUT
THOSE PASSAGES ARE OMITTED WHICH

CANNOT WITH PROPRIETY BE READ ALOUD IN

A KITCHEN.

BY AN UPPER SERVANT.

" Safe from the Bar, the Pulpit, and the Throne,
Yet touched and shamed by Ridicule alone!"

POPE. ✓

ILLUSTRATED WITH

TWELVE ORIGINAL DESIGNS, BY KENNY MEADOWS.

ENGRAVED BY JOHN JACKSON.

LONDON:

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PREFACE,

ADDRESSED TO ALL MY FELLOW-SERVANTS.

~~~~~

ONCE on a time a Rev'rend Dean  
There lived, (and you know whom I mean,)   
Keen as a hawk each fault to seize,  
And *Swift* to blame, as slow to please ;  
Swell'd up with pride to height of tumour,  
Though all admired his dogged humour.

But since our Pompey knew not how  
To speak, as 'twere, but in ' bow wow ! '   
The Muse invites me to rehearse  
His constant bark in doggrel verse :  
Keen irony can't hope to chime  
Without some small relief from rhyme,  
Though where you'd feel the sharpest tingle,  
You lose the smart amidst the jingle !  
Doubtless (like Swift) we've now-a-days  
Both lords and ladies shy of praise,  
Of errors, ills, for ever mumbling,  
Yet love 'em for the sake of grumbling.  
Had Swift known how to hold his dish up,  
I'm told he might have been a Bishop.

I've tried to make him look more recent,  
And dock'd him where he's quite indecent.  
On one thing you may quite rely,—  
I am no busy, base Paul Pry.  
My best advices really flow  
From what I really 'happ'n' to know,  
Nor could escape in any wise,  
Save shutting both my ears and eyes.

My book may sell, or fall dead flat,—  
Yet MEADOWS makes me safe from that;  
Since, to inspire, I've given him some  
Of Master's truly 'precious rum,'  
Deeming him best of all the bunch—  
But mum ! for what relates to 'PUNCH !'  
And may each critic's 'ifs and buts'  
But vie with his good-humoured cuts :  
For I profess the constant aim  
Of yielding ev'ry one I name  
(Thus pleasing all, e'en to the letter)  
Either a laugh—or something better.

Now if I've well explained my plan,  
Why, farewell Master ! farewell Man !  
And free from fuss, I make no bones  
To sign,

Yours thoroughly,

JOHN JONES.

# CONTENTS.

|                             | <i>Page</i> |
|-----------------------------|-------------|
| THE BUTLER . . . . .        | 9           |
| THE COOK . . . . .          | 16          |
| THE VALET . . . . .         | 21          |
| THE WAITING-WOMAN . . . . . | 27          |
| THE FOOTMAN . . . . .       | 36          |
| THE HOUSEKEEPER . . . . .   | 50          |
| THE CHAMBERMAID . . . . .   | 51          |
| THE PORTER . . . . .        | 55          |
| THE HOUSEMAID . . . . .     | 56          |
| THE STEWARD . . . . .       | 57          |
| THE GROOM . . . . .         | 58          |
| THE COACHMAN . . . . .      | 60          |
| THE NURSERY MAID . . . . .  | 62          |
| THE DAIRY-MAID . . . . .    | 63          |
| THE WET NURSE . . . . .     | 64          |
| THE LAUNDRESS . . . . .     | <i>ib.</i>  |
| THE GOVERNESS . . . . .     | 65          |
| GENERAL RULES . . . . .     | 66          |









THE BUTLER.





## THE BUTLER.

~~~~~

OF servants, whether best or worst,
The Butler seems to rank the first;
Whose sparkling aid calls up the Nine,—
Such virtue dwells in rosy wine.
There's none can draw a cork like you,
You're such a perfect 'thorough screw.'
Who else can keep within the tether
Mirth and economy together?
At home for ever to a shaving,
In all the honest arts of saving.

Since those who dine at the same table
Are friends, why shouldn't you be able
To make one glass, or two at most,
Serve for both company and host?
Thus saving both fatigue and breaking,
And, most of all, the wine they're taking.

Serve not one guest amidst the feast,
Till he has call'd three times at least ;
Further his temp'rance you may fix
By sundry nasty little tricks,
More fit, because your own invention,
For you to use than me to mention.
On your behaviour stands confest
The pain or ease of ev'ry guest ;
You can ensure a hearty greeting,
Or make it like a Quakers' meeting.
From what your Master seems to do,
You and the footmen take your cue ;
At least your Lady'll teem with praise,
You've got such ' shrewd, discerning ways.'

Should any one desire small beer,
The end of dinner somewhat near,
Gather the droppings (exc'lent fun)
Of all the glasses into one.
This you may do and none perceive,
“ The eye don't see, the heart won't grieve :”
Thus you may make a mighty chatter
Of saving in the smallest matter.

But when they chance to call for ale,
More bright the joke more brisk the tale,
Down to the vaults, and if not filling
The largest tankard till o'erspilling,
Then you're not fit to hold your station,
Not fit to fill—your situation :
The company just drink two glasses,
And you the rest amongst the lasses.
The same thing with respect to wine ;
It's only just the whilst it's fine
It suits our masters : good, i'fegs !
So half the bottle goes for dregs ;
Ha ! ha ! we're then, instead of napping,
Like the woodpecker,—always ' tapping.'

Of course, occasion'ly you tell o'er
The true contents of all the cellar.
Again of course, the choicest bottle
Scarce greets at all your Master's throttle.
The deuce a bit (if you've the tact)
You care, if he suspects the fact ;
Then, to ensure his constant favour,
Treat him, sometimes, for good behaviour !

Wipe knives, rub tables, clean your plate,—
What can be more appropriate?
With table-cloths : 'tis bold, and dashing,
But saves in dusters and in washing.
In cleaning plate some talk of 'tricks,'
Leaving the whiting in the nicks ;
The same with things in brass and copper :
But I contend it's right and proper ;
Shows that you never kept aloof on't,
But did the thing—and left a proof on't !

I know no writer yet that handles
The saving article of candles ;
But whilst convinc'd how much depends
On ev'ry mortal's private 'ends '
The subject, I'll not wholly doff it,
It yields us all such glaring profit.
Nor light them soon nor burn them low,
And part upon the Cook bestow ;
No wretch alive would be that despot,
To go to rob the woman's grease-pot !
Though some may say you rob their pockets,
By what is wasted in the sockets :

A plague on all such meanness ! scout it,
And never vex your sconce about it.

The noblest task in all your line,
Is bottling off a PIPE OF WINE ;
Not that you drink wine from the vat,
You know a ‘ trick worth two of that,’
But that it makes you (yet no stealer)
A reputable private dealer.
Choosing small bottles,—no large lumber,
Your Master gets his proper number ;
Whilst, mod’rate in your views of pelf,
You get six dozen for yourself,—
Nay, were your Master quite a miser,
Pray ‘ who’s to be a bit the wiser ?’
Make from the cask your brethren cosey,
Of course not drunk, yet vastly dozy :
If fault be found you drain his wealth,
’Twas all with ‘ drinking Master’s health.’
Put ’em to bed to sleep it off,
Say they’ve a cold—a shocking cough ;
’Tis ten to one your Mistress orders
What *you* think good for all disorders,

At which, before, you've often laugh'd,—
A more and more composing draught !

Follow all guests towards the door,
If they have slept a night or more ;
'Tis ten to one you've half-a-crown,—
Else ' show 'em up,' instead of down.
If they rebel and still resist,
Get all the servants to assist ;
Whilst other plans you yet may try,
As I shall show you by and by.

Good Butlers always break their corkscrew,
So that it won't the lignum work through,
Or do the job for which intended,
Yet ne'er have time to get it mended :
The jovial service never balk,
Perform it with a silver fork !

Now for the Gent who often dines,
And eats your meat and drinks *your* wines,
Yet gives no vails,—torment him thence
' No end of ways ' for the offence.
He calls, but you seem not to hear ;
If asking wine, present him beer,

And, to prolong the pleasing strife,
A spoon when he desires a knife.
At last he'll do what fits his station,—
Or never more get invitation.

Whoe'er comes in, whoe'er goes out,
Your game is sure for ball or rout.
To fortune straight you'll make your way,
If once your Lady takes to play;
It pays beyond all formal dinners,
Only pay homage to the winners,
Which I'll be bound you always do,
At least I would if I were you.

Now if I've told you e'er a thumper,
Fine me, when next we meet, a bumper :
Yes, give us truth without a sting,
A bottle of the old 'BEE'S WING.'

THE COOK.



ALTHOUGH French Cooks be much too common,—
 I speak now to an English *woman*,—
You would not wish to learn from books,
 How you might *stock* the pastry-cooks,
 And make my Lord pay carriage hence,
 For gimcracks made at his expense!
 Although, quite fearless of detection,
 Some have ‘arrived’ at this perfection;
 And yet, I fear, I must conclude
 There’s nothing of the kind in *UDE*,
 And therefore you must farther look,
 If wanting a “*Complete French Cook!*”
 Be with the Butler always ‘friends,’
 And so make sure of both your ‘ends.’
 When all the rest are safe in bed,
 As silent as if all were dead,



THE COOK.

You find the Butler dainty prog,
Repaid as sure with luscious grog ;
But still, if you outrun your tether,
'Tis odds you 'bundle' both together.
Avoid it,—treat him like a brother,
For you may 'never like another.'
You can make friends with every one,
So mind how my instructions run :
My lessons suit both town and country,
If you've the requisite effrontery.

Be sure to send up nothing 'cold,'
Unless particularly 'told ;'
Get rid of it to some dear crony,
No matter whether fowl or coney.
If miss'd, then lay it to the *rats*,
Strange greyhounds or domestic cats :
(Poor things ! 'tis hard that you should scout 'em,
But harder still to do without 'em.
Then talk of 'magpies' for blue moons,
When 'maids' run short of forks and spoons :
I must confess how I do glory,
In that most true, most 'moving story.'

If there's no paper for your use
To light a fire or singe a goose,
Swear by the poker, tongs, and shovel,
You'll tear some from the 'last new Novel.'
If forc'd to own that you're the thief,
Say you'll "turn over a new leaf:"
Nay, should you rob (no new proceeding)
The very work your Master's reading,
Say that 'there's more besides the Cook,'
Should take a "leaf from Master's book."

If you should serve a family
So rich, they don't live crammily,
Broils you may have—nay, constant broiling,
Yet free from common roasting, boiling:
But stews and hashes bring much bother,—
Encourage neither one nor t'other;
Good Cooks still hate all diddle-daddle,
Constant, eternal fiddle-faddle.
But snipes and larks, that come as presents
(Instead of partridges and pheasants)
Placed in the pan, (a sort of toasting,)
Will cook themselves, whatever's roasting:

‘ Plague on’t ! ’ you wish the paltry elves
Would ‘ keep their presents to themselves.’
And so for once I catch you tripping,—
You long again for joints and dripping.

Would I be called on of a sudden
To make a plaguy ‘ sparra ’ pudden ?
I say at once, then, downright “ No !
I’d see’em all at Jericho ! ”
And if they grumble, then give warning,
‘ As sure as eggs is eggs,’ next morning ;
And beg they’d please, in lieu of more freaks,
To “ suit themselves as that day four weeks.”
Who cares for their ‘ contempshus looks,’
Their “ God sends meat, the devil cooks ; ”
They’re only better sort of ‘ varments,’
I says, “ good Masters makes good Sarvants.”

If you’re allow’d the kitchen stuff,
Be sure the meat’s done *quite* enough ;
But if your Mistress ‘ claps *her* paw,’
Then serve it up downright ‘ red raw.’
If fault be found, though, ‘ aither way,’
“ It shan’t be so another day ; ”

And still, against each new desire,
Keep up a brisk and roaring fire.
Let red hot coals the dripping savour,
To give the meat a 'foreign flavour ;'
And say, whatever falls upon it,
" The more there's in't, the more there's on it."
When 'all behind,' and time the winner,
' Regarding sending up the dinner,'
Alter the clock when you begin it,
And you'll be ready to a minute.

One secret now I'll not conceal,—
Whene'er you roast a breast of veal,
The sweetbread is the Butler's luncheon,
Whoever may go short of munching.
If it be 'asked for,' make excuses
For what so many sweets produces ;
Yet, O beware, his faith to prove,
Beware, beware of cupboard love !
Sops in the pan but feed desire,
Till " all the fat is in the fire :"
In Freedom's cause both risk your peace
And, Byron-like,—expire in GREASE !



THE VALET.

THE VALET.



My author is not merely blameful
 To leave *you* out—'tis downright shameful !
 Affording you no condescension,
 Beyond an incidental mention ;
 Since none like you, one must suppose,
 Can take a noble by the nose ;
 Whilst lofty thoughts you well may harbour,
 Having been always ' quite the barber : '
 And rising thus, with perfect ease,
 'To almost any thing you please.

 If you're with some good-natured Duke,
 Why, free of course from coarse rebuke,
 You take upon, and call about you,
 Knowing he can't get on without you ;
 So clever keeping out the duns,
 And ushering the ' priests and nuns ! '
 'Airs' may not suit his ' Grace's ' whim,
 And so you lord it over him !

If friends remonstrate, he will say,
“ I fancy it’s the rascal’s way.”
If he be *deaf*, you’ll keep him under
By making signs, else let him wonder :
If dim of sight, still all the better,
You’ll more than peep in every letter ;
Nor will it be by you denied,
Most Lords have more than one ‘ blind side.’
To some good tune you’ve owned this blessing,
Whilst idolized for taste in dressing,
Since the whole wardrobe’s varied range
Is yours, by turns, to ‘ sell or change !’
Urged by the winning approbation
Or of a Solomons or Nathan,
You can estrange each ‘ chosen ’ waistcoat,
And alienate his dearest dress-coat !
Or, by the use of ‘ fitting ’ phrases,
Stock half the shops with ‘ misfit ’ jaseys.
You ‘ try it on :’ howe’er becoming,
If you begin just ‘ ha-ing, humming,’
It puts him straight in such a fume,
He kicks it up and down the room ;

Though you've "no wish to seem capricious,
There's something *in it* not judicious."
Then for new suits you feel his pulse,
The measure answers,—“Send for Stultz!”
“Our stock of boots is far from nobby:”
“Well! where the d——l, sir, is Hoby?”
Get but the measure of his foot,
You've clothes, wigs, *jewels*, all ‘to boot!’
The more you crave the more he's Frank for't,
Though chiefly you've yourself to thank for't.

Thus whilst whole cargoes you command,
At once as ‘good as’ second-hand,
Yet (on the other hand) ‘tis true,
They're ‘not inferior’ to new.
Sweet interchange! yourself so fervent,
A sample of the ‘perfect servant;’
Without one wish to take it ‘cooler,’
Having so ‘Exquisite’ a ruler!

If vastly nice in his amours,
Still all goes nicely on all fours.
Large though your meed for nice attention,
The gross amount one need not mention;

Prove that he made you once a *present*,
And *help yourself* all nice and pleasant !
Good Judges will applaud the fun,
And own the thing was nicely done.

Now, as your mind acquires expansion,
You'll build yourself a tidy mansion ;
The tradesmen freely will afford,—
By way of *samples* for your Lord,
(Your delicacy not to shock it,)
Both prog and furniture to stock it.
Thus some opine some odd disaster,
So blends the Servant with the Master,
That they might doubt, amidst the pother,
Whether they dined with one or t'other !

Allow me now the leave to ask you,—
Supposing I'd the right to task you,—
Would you be Clergyman or Doctor,
Attorney, Barrister, or Proctor ?
Be famed in arms, or shine in arts,
Upon the whole a man of parts
Rais'd to high fortune by the palette ?
Before them all—a ' lying Valet ! '

Joking apart, here be some traces,
Of what are called 'good Valets' places.'
And now, if these be fitting words
Pertaining but to Dukes and Lords,
How shall the Muse presume to sing
Of those who serve a Prince or King?
Sweet goddess! bring th' event about,
And 'place' thy 'servants' out of doubt!

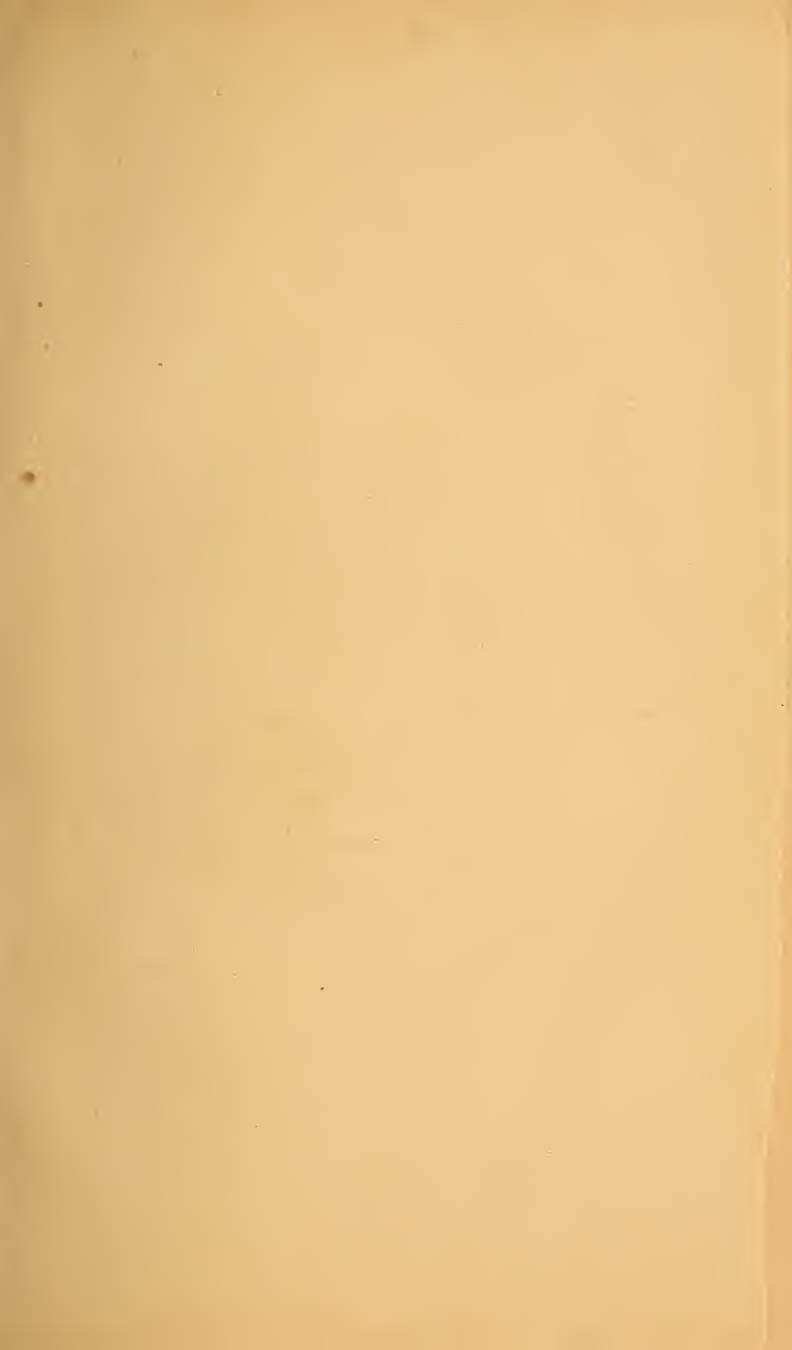
We'll say you mayn't have had the gumption
To make this galloping consumption
Of half his wealth, without a rumpus,—
Or say a quarter (within compass);
Still as to have, you've still been known,
The devil's luck besides your own,
The King or Prince a visit pays
To your grandee for some few days.
You're introduced, somehow or other,
And 'somehow' set aside your brother,
Who, e'en unsafe in his own skin,
Forced to jump out,—why you jump in!
All your 'attentions' are so striking,
At once they catch the royal liking.

Your Master feigns a 'deep regret,'
Well knowing what himself shall get :
You (bless your *stars* for such a barter)
Are bought and paid for with—the GARTER !
And having got just what you wish'd for,
No secret make of what you *fish'd for*.

Fortune can go but one step higher,
You're made a Page, and dubb'd Esquire ;
And then you'll turn upon your heel,
Prouder than Wellington or Peel,
Since you yourself can hardly know
How far your influence may go.
And now your almost only care,
Amidst the all-attractive glare,
Is to ward off all applications
From seedy friends and poor relations ;
While you've no end of fun and sport
When clumsy people come to Court.
The King will do whate'er you crave him,
If you'll but just agree to 'shave him ;'
Which you most certainly will do
More ways than one, and closely too !



THE WAITING-WOMAN.



THE WAITING-WOMAN.



I PITY you with all my heart !
Your ladies play so mean a part,
As now-a-days old clothes to barter
For china, trinkets, scented water,
Or use them up for chairs and screens,
Less'ning an honest servant's means ;
Besides yet shabbier plans than these,
The prevalence of locks and keys !
Making you live, all hugger-mugger,
On bohea slops and coarse brown sugar.
There's yet another 'plaguy way,'
With ladies of the present day,
Of lessening your hilarity—
By 'giving way' to charity !
To make it up there's ways for certain,—
Not that I'd peep behind the curtain.

Perchance your Lord, if in his hey-day,
May like you better than his Lady,
Though she's an angel,—vastly stupid !
But that's a freak of Master Cupid,
(To whom, of course, you constant pray,
And offer vows both night and day).
He makes too free in hapless hour,
And from that moment's in your power.
To keep your countenance endeavour,
Lift up your hands, cry “ Well, I never !
In all my life knew such assurance ;
This cruelty is past endurance.”
Swear that you'd neither bring disgrace
Upon a poor, but virtuous race,
“ Nor have an ‘ impetation ’ hurl'd
‘ Against ’ your honour, for the world !”
Then see that ready cash enhances
What he may choose to call ‘ advances.’
Five guineas for the least gradation
That leads to aught like adoration ;
And have at least a hundred down
For ‘ little journeys out of town !’

And don't, without loud indignation,
Be ' throw'd in such a flusteration ;'
Make him fork out, or (ruthless lingo),
You'll " tell your Lady,—yes, by jingo !"

In such a family, if handsome,
Some one will offer for your ransom ;
If stricken deep, the effects will show forth
In Chaplain, Steward, Gent, and so forth.
If from my Lord you've apprehension
Of what you can't genteelly mention,—
You must consider, with all def'rence,
To which of 'em to give the pref'rence :
My Lord's own gentleman, we'll say,
You've sense enough to keep at bay,
Because you stand of sin in fear,
And think him also insincere.
Only one caution, and I've done ;
Beware of—my Lord's eldest son !
You may, if you've sufficient gnous,
Be future Lady of his house ;
But if a common rake, then shun him,
Or you'll regret you either won him,

Or thought him worth the least attention,
Entailing ills too bad to mention !

But whilst I feel this anxious strife
About your settling well in life,
Still let us both remember, that of
Some other things we ought to chat of.
Perchance some morn your Lady's ill,
And should be kept exceeding still ;
Yet footmen call from friends of wealth,
To make inquiries of her health.
Go bolt up stairs ; if not awake,
Give her at least a gentle shake :
If she's offended, blame her blindness
To such a Lord or Lady's kindness ;
'Tis time enough if fiercely curb'd,
To say, " She cannot be disturb'd."

If your young Mistress be an heiress,
' Jimini !' what a chance then there is.
If you don't get five hundred cool
When she gets married, you're a fool.
Ask where's the mortal can resist her ?
Though none can, like yourself, assist her,

Yet make her fear that still you shan't,
Unless you're call'd a '*confidante*.'
Put her in mind she's rich enough
To please herself,—has got the stuff ;
Can choose from all mankind her prize,
Where'er she deigns to cast her eyes ;
That friends are apt to feign rebuke
For *love* bestow'd e'en on a Duke ;
That love's the dearest, sweetest thrall—
Almighty Love is all in all !
That worlds of gentlemen complete
Would die to languish at her feet ;
That spite of fortune, or of birth,
"Love's—love's a heaven upon earth!"
Then a long string of rhymes run o'er
From Byron and 'dear Tommy Moore,'
Wishing—so much you dote upon 'em—
That you could recollect 'more *on* 'em.'
Then while your rhapsody she blames,
Though plain you've set her all in flames,
Of which, when giving some intense sign,
Tell her you know the sweetest Ensign,

“ Who’d bleed to death to own her sway
Down on his knees, that very day.”
How to her honour ’twou’d redound,
To give him forty thousand pound !
Till in the dreams of ‘sweet fifteen,’
She feels half way to Gretna Green.

Take care that ev’ry body know shall
The sort of goods at your disposal ;
How great a favourite you are,—
Consulted with the utmost care.
Oft to the Park a visit pay,
The fellows will find out the way,
And oftentimes, when much distress,
Confide their secrets to *your* breast ;
There place a note,—away you bound !
And fling it back upon the ground,
Unless the truly sapient ninnies
Shall with it lodge at least two guineas :
Yet still, to make it seem more funny,
Pretend you never found the money.
You drop the note ; your Lady’ll find it,
Is angry,—deuce a bit you mind it.

Then swear, to make the joke the better,
You never knew you had the letter ;
You only just remember this,
A saucy fellow snatch'd a kiss,
And must, without the 'slightest leave,'
Have left it, 'somehow,' in your sleeve.
Another way you yet can turn it ;
She needn't read it,—she can burn it.
Not so : she'll just reverse the case,
And burn some other in its place,—
Nay, howsoe'er she seem to frown,
Swallow it whole, when you've gone down.

Follow this rig with each fresh man,
As often as you safely can ;
And make out him who *tips* the best,
More and more handsome than the rest.
Indignant seem, if you detect
A letter coming indirect :
If thus a Footman interfere,
Off with him ! off ! with flea in ear ;
Call him rogue ! villain ! 'out of place !'
And bang the door right in his face :

Thus it will seem you scorn to league
In e'er so harmless an intrigue.

'Tis one thing this, but quite another
If slight flirtations please the mother.

'Twould fill a volume to impart

The intricacies of your art:

Now is the time, I must insist,

For you to play the moralist,

And use, as heretofore, your forces

To favour wedlock—not divorces!

Whilst you abhor, beyond denial,

The witness-box upon a trial.

You can detect each would-be 'Rover'

From the sincere Platonic lover;

Yet stir up jealousy's sensation

Among the 'lords of the creation,'

Causing the spouse compunctuous rubs,

Who dines too often at the Clubs.

Some one or other always spelling

To know the secrets of the dwelling,

Your plan must be (again confest)

To humour those who pay the best;

Nor yield, without remuneration,

‘Pry-ority of information!’

But faith! with you ’tis too assuming,

And really over-much presuming,

To such a subject to advert:

Your sisterhood are so expert,

And all so perfectly discreet,

Really there’s but one more to cheat,—

(Yes, really on my life it’s true,)

When any one has diddled *you*.

Besides, the undefined result

Is fifty times more difficult

Than all the shuffling and evasions

Our Masters need on like occasions:

Wherefore, with diffidence, I bend to

Some abler pen than I pretend to.

THE FOOTMAN.



THE Footman's office is a mix'd one,
Employ of all kinds, and no fix'd one ;
You're up to all things—devil doubt you,
None in the house can do without you.
If bold as brass, and smart and tall,
You'll be a fav'rite with 'em all ;
All will admire when you approve,
With you the maids are all in love.
Your Master 'll dress to please your whim,
Sometimes you stoop to copy him !
But scarcely any thing goes on
Without first asking, “ What says John ? ”

You see the world, know fashions, men,
Have loftier airs than one in ten ;
Amongst the fair so famed for slaughter,
P'raps captivate your Master's daughter !



THE FOOTMAN.

Beware, though, while you thus importune,
Don't get the girl, and miss the fortune.

I knew a brother of our craft,
Who slyly tied the knot, and laugh'd
To think Papa must prove forgiving,
And find them both the means of living :
And so he did, (here fain I'd stop,)
He fix'd them in a fruit'rer's shop !
With final 'leave'—a precious warning—
To "send for 'orders' every morning!"

You go to plays, you quiz the Cits,
Become great critics, shine as wits ;
Ne'er at a loss for something caustic,
And quite at home at an acrostic :
And whilst thus flippant, sprightly, able,
Can scorn a hooting from the rabble.

I venerate your office truly,
Having but doff'd the livery newly,
And, like yourself (as I've a notion),
Am looking out for high promotion.
If you are wise, care not a louse
For places in the Custom-house ;

By which some think, with much parade,
Our services are more than paid ;
But, list to me, a better ending
You'll make, though far less condescending.

To learn fresh secrets, make a swop at,
Without reserve, each house you stop at ;
And be not merely on the sly
To pick up trash, but make it fly.
Thus have it said, where'er you came,
Instead of robbing them of game,
You've shown a large, a lib'ral bounty,
And furnish'd sport for all the county !
Never be seen with bundle or basket,
(A proper Master wouldn't ask it) ;
Some blackguard boy, a closet hid in,
You'll always find to do your bidding,
Repaid with scraps (sufficient treat)
As you shall think both fit and ' meat.'
The self-same boy, with self-same pay,
Cleans all the shoes ; again next day
He re-appears, just in the nick,
First cuts the loaf, then cuts his stick !

When errands you are sent upon,
Be sure to blend them with your own ;
The boy can't deputize, 'tis clear,
When it's to drink a pot of beer
Or kiss your sweetheart ; either wicket,
Wants an untransferable ticket.

Remember, when you wait at table,
To pick up all the wit you're able,
For bits of songs and scraps of plays
Turn to account a thousand ways ;
You'll find yourself downright bewitching
With all the ladies in the kitchen,
Who'll swear you give such rare delight,
That brother flunkeys die with spite,
Venting new slanders without end ;
For why ? ' a fav'rite has no friend !'
The reason's plain why so abusive,
All hate an out-and-out exclusive !

When on a message you are sent,
(On your own whim more strictly bent,)
Choose your own words, and jargon even,
Though to a Duke or Duchess given :

How should your Lord or Lady know
About it half so well as you?
And for the answer, (till you're bother'd,)
Let that be quite completely smother'd ;
Or given at all, adorn'd just so
As you think proper things should go.
You're the best judge what sort of friends
(Best suiting with your private ends)
Will suit your general contriving,
And keep the household snug and thriving.

In all affairs of compliment
Not meeting with your full consent,
Contrive to knock up quite a pother,
And set each party 'gainst the other,
Raising a feud so fierce and wild
As never can be reconciled ;
The best of friends make out neglectful,
And 'ev'ry think that's disrespectful ;'
Nay, should the deuce himself so twist it
That you 'not no how' can't resist it,
You'll turn the kindest invitations,
Into malignant accusations !

And thus both parties, lost in wonder,
Of course you keep quite poles asunder.—
Instruct ‘your people’ when to roam,
Or kindly ‘let ‘em’ be ‘at home;’
Where, for the present, while we leave them,
May no curst tell-tale undecieve them !

To be in lodgings when your lot,
And there’s no shoe-boy to be got,
You’ll clean your Master’s, without hurting
At all—the bottom of the curtain ;
Or, if you have the exceeding nerve,
Your Lady’s apron then may serve.
Scrape not your own, like vulgar mortals,
Standing outside your Master’s portals ;
But of your cleanliness to vapour,
Use the hearth-rug, and save the scraper !

Ask not for leave each rambling bout,
The less your fear to be found ‘out ;’
Though p’raps you’ve had a bout of kissing,
And no one knows you’ve e’er been missing :
All that your fellow-servants know,
You left but “ scarce a min’t ago.”

Snuff candles with your fingers' ends ;
And for the stench to make amends,
Think that your Master scarcely suffers
The least expense for polished snuffers ;
Throw down the snuff upon the floor,
And what can man, or Footman, more ?
It quite an easy thing to scoff is,
But candle-snuffing's quite an office !

Contrive it, when you know you're wanted,
To shun the room as if 'twere haunted ;
But when there's private conversation,
Rush in, a downright congregation !
If left unchid, then all is well ;
If not, then swear you heard the bell.
Secrets that 'drop' from gents and ladies,
The best of all your stock in trade is ;
While you, a course more cautious steering,
Let nothing 'fall' within their hearing.

Indiff'rent still to praise or blame,
You soar above the sense of shame.
"The tea is good, the coffee ain't ;"
Then give 'em 'grounds' for the complaint.

No matter if the pot boils over,
Come what come may, you're still in clover :
Swear you took pains, ' more than a little,'
To please their palates to a tittle.
The march of blame begins to halt,
They pardon beg for finding fault,
And " ne'er again will blame in haste,
But all their mouths were out of taste !"
Thus you're repaid for all your trouble,
Enjoy the ' squeak,' nor burst the ' bubble.'

You cry, " Enough, then, for the present ;"
Yet list to something still more pleasant.
I'll tell you how, if you're but willing,
From deepest fob t' extract a shilling.
A present when desired to carry,
If but a sorry pumpkin,—marry,
Make as much fuss (or even greater)
Than if it were a gold repeater ;
Send up your Master's strict commands
To give it safe with your own hands.
This to the purse-strings gives a shock,
They can't but find out what's o'clock :

In other words, they're wide awake,
The money's yours, and no mistake !
When your own Master gets the like,
A brace of barbel, bream, or pike,
Stir up his generosity
To tip your friend a double fee ;
Go snacks then with your liveried brother,
' Good servants always help each other !'
All for our Master's truest glory,
At least while *I* may tell the story.

When you 'step out' for tittle-tattle,
A pot of ale,—a wench's prattle,—
To hear a street-professor sing,—
Or see a brother-footman swing,
Leave the door open to save knocking,
Or Master's nerves the slightest shocking :
Say your young Lady for a cab sent,
Or swear black's white,—you've ne'er been absent ;
Or, of belief to take a fresh hold,
No, " never stirr'd from off the threshold !"
' Howsever,' if it's yet a lie,
You have it still 'as cheap as I.'

In all disputes with cabmen, chairmen,
Act as if 'listed to be *their* men.

You "can't a-bear it, to be hard on
Poor fellows, that can't spare a farden."
Share in their woes, it ne'er can fail;
Then share in foaming pots of ale.

For all the world the greatest bore,
That makes a Footman feel most sore,
In winter burn, in summer shiv'ry,
Is wearing that curst thing,—a livery!
Choose, if you can, where some such queer one,
Although a neither cheap nor dear one,
May make you, from the thing you're wrapt in,
To pass for some *outlandish Captain*.

Put on fierce airs, 'tis sure to do,
Stare all the people through and through;
A foreign Count at least, not come short
A man of 'great account' of some sort.

Well, after all, man! never mind
The scurvy jeers of all mankind;
Keep up your spirits—quite the dandy,
If only through your Master's brandy!

Fortune, at times, makes her approach, man,
Both to the Footman and the Coachman ;
Without a moment to consider,
You've luck to marry a rich 'widder.'
At noon your Lady calls the carriage,
When least you dream of aught like marriage,
Calls at a *Chapel* by the way,—
You're up to what's the time of day !
Bring home, *inside*, your lady wife,
Thenceforth to have and hold—for life !

Without such luck, or some preferment,
To make an end, I make averment,
Your post of honour is the Road,
And longer not to be withstood.
There's none dare venture the expression
A Highwayman's a low profession ;
A short life and a merry one,
Make one grand splash, and all is done !
One last advice you'll say is owing,—
When to be hang'd you find you're going,
Which, for the robbing of your Master,
Or some contingent slight disaster,—

Just knocking up a bit of bobbery,
Manslaughter, or a highway robbery,
So probably the lot of one,
Vivacious, ever fond of fun,
(Risking a mere ignoble carcass
To emulate some noble Marquis),
Fast-going ones, at naught who'd stick,
To pass for a right (*Flanders?*) brick,—
Mark only this, your good behaviour
Wins, with your craft, eternal favour.
Deny, with loudest imprecations :
They'll throng the court with attestations,
“Such honesty—before all men—
None e'er had yet, nor will again !”
Confession make on no pretence,
Save turning round King's evidence ;
(I don't suppose, though, aught I say
Will save your neck another day,)
Your noble spirit, never vex it,
But make a sentimental exit !
The Lord May'r 'll do whate'er he's able,
“Hoping you've all things comfortable !”

Ladies will send you costly flowers,
To mollify your dying hours ;
And ‘white Japonicas’ shall thence
Be emblems of your innocence !
Pretend (to make the Parson stare)
An extra-Ord’nary love of prayer ;
The Jailer give a fond adieu,
And squeeze the Sheriff’s hand in two.
As for the Hangman, make a pother,
As if you’d found a long-lost brother :
Some pledge of kindness give the Mayor,
If but a ringlet of your hair !
Thus, to the last, the gallows grace,
And none shall say, you’ve “lost your place.”

Thus far our Dean,—but happier times
Now wait on bolder, deadlier crimes,
When wisdom mourns o’er wise restraints,
And murd’ers serve for martyred saints.
With laws so changed, a realm’s disgrace
Springs from a pot-boy ‘out of place ;’

When all but starts the maudlin tear,
For suff'rings of a Courvoisier;
And Pity grasps the hand imbrued
In a confiding master's blood!
When the most hardened knave has hope
Of all things needful—but a rope!
And nought excites the mortal pang,
Save to behold a felon hang.
And why? Howe'er the de'il may angle,
In his 'right mind' no man would dangle;
Or, 'Monomania' far away,
Have a clear right to Bot'ny Bay;
For I've no trouble in believing
A 'Monomania' for thieving!
What fee, then, shall that Counsel grace,
Who'll fairly make out such a 'case?'
Can such 'opinion' e'er be bought?
I'm quite 'transported' at the thought!
Let sober Judges, then, give way,
And let Mad-doctors have the sway!
Let all things (for a time) be shown
As only right when upside down!

Yet while these ' epochs ' intervene,
Well may we cry, " God " save our Queen !

Now call me Whig, or call me Tory,
Wise rulers all, I yet implore ye,
Some better safeguard may be known
Both for the people and the throne ;
For though no Radical, most sure
I grudge the Hangman's sinecure !

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

A FAV'RITE Footman you must have,
Always the most tit-bits to save ;
Watchful for something ' none the worse,'
Or untouch'd from the second course,
It doesn't matter what precisely,—
You and the Steward ' cook it nicely.'





THE CHAMBERMAID.



THE CHAMBERMAID.



You've more importance than the Housemaid,
As living where there's greater fuss made,—
A vastly more important clatter
Than where they only keep the latter.
You've nought to do but “ up stairs clamber,
Down stairs, and in my lady's chamber ; ”
Take vails of all the visitors,
And chat with all inquisitors ;
And whilst a secret's left remaining,
You're always vastly entertaining.

The Coachman is your usual lover,
Till you can coax the Footman over ;
Who sometimes helps you in fatigue,
But always in a nice intrigue.

The worst mishap that comes to pass
Is when you break a looking-glass ;

For could invention stretch like leather,
You ne'er can 'jine the bits together.'
But still excuses may be had,—
I'll tell you one that 'shan't be bad ;'
The girl, you'll say, deserved a pension,
Although it failed, for the invention.
The glass she smashes all to shivers,
And frets and fumes, and quakes and quivers
To think—whichever way to view it—
How in the world should she 'git through it.'
Th' emergency was sudden, dreadful,
And needed brains more than a headfull :
' However,' calling up her wits,
(Instead of falling into fits,)
She lock'd the door; then fetch'd up straight
A stone of half-a-hundred weight,
Quick as if followed by Old Scratch,
And breaks a pane of glass 'to match.'
The stone laid down beneath the shelf,
(More softly than if down itself,)
She goes, with just her general airs,
About her *general* affairs.

It takes—precisely as she wish'd ;
And yet at last the poor girl's dish'd.
When all seemed well,—at least quite fairish,
In pops the Parson of the parish,—
Talks of the height, the situation,
The weight, the laws of gravitation ;
Prates law like any Romilly,
And ends with a fine homily ;
Until, at last, I grieve to say,
He gets the poor girl turn'd away.
Still 'tis not oft that female tactics
Are set aside by mathematics ;
Nor left to busy-bodies whether
A story fails or hangs together.
So then, as Kitchener would say,
“ To devil it a diff'rent way,”
Swear that, amidst a strange perfume,
(Like brimstone, filling all the room,)
You felt a flash of lightning burn you,
And then, before you'd time to turn you,
Or wake at all from the surprise,
You'd lost the use of both your eyes !

And in that state, midst horrid clatters,
Saw the glass lying all in shatters.
‘ Another way :’—it wanted dusting,
And you to set it right were bursting ;
When lo ! the moisture of the ‘ hair’
Had left the plate completely bare,
So that it parted from the wall
Without the ‘ leastest’ touch at all.
And that’s—though they may think it lame—
The best excuse that you can frame.
I can’t invent but one more bolsterer,—
To cut the cord, and curse th’ upholsterer :
But for a thumping taradiddle,
To no one e’er play second fiddle.

Now, as for little trifling matters,
As breaking ‘ chayney’ cups and platters,
Or letting a large punch-bowl fall,—
Why never vex yourself at all.
“ You’re not surpris’d, since it appears
As it’s been crack’d for years and years ;
And as you took it off the shelf,
It came in ‘ three halves’ quite itself :

It's no use going into fits,
To prove the fact—you've saved the bits ! ”
Lying is, doubtless, half the trade
Of ev'ry clever Chambermaid ;
Though yet it seems the chiefest sleight
To lie, and yet appear upright.
But one thing more, and then you've sped,—
Get your name *up*, then lie in bed !

THE PORTER.

~~~~~  
If a great Minister of State  
Your master be, then guard the gate  
From all but such as teem with news  
To suit his honour's *party* views :  
You judging kindly and genteelly,  
Those mostly such who ' tip ' most freely.

## THE HOUSEMAID.



FROM all the rest your office varies,  
 Is so exempt from pert vagaries,  
 I cease to write, as cease to think,—  
 You cost me scarce one dip of ink.  
 At least, thanks to the ‘march of Mind,’  
 (In which so few now lag behind,)  
 My author’s words, if e’er so true,  
 Are really much too coarse for *you*.  
 Fain would I yield all his jocoseness,  
 And all his wit without his grossness.  
 Thus, where our Dean seems most in rapture,  
 I leave out nearly half a chapter ;  
 Checking, in short, his worst inventions,  
 To ‘carry out’ his best intentions.

In lieu of lying, graces, airs,  
 Leave mops and pails upon the stairs ;  
 And if some slave break both his shins,  
 What then care you ?—why, just two pins !







THE HOUSEMAID.



## THE STEWARD.



THERE is no servant like the Steward,  
 For letting lordships go to leeward ;  
 And I ne'er knew of one so thorough,  
 As he who ' served ' Lord Peterborough ;  
 And so, for ever, made that station  
 A perfect personification  
 Of every virtue upon earth,  
 That can befriend a man of birth.  
 He pulled his Lordship's mansion down,—  
 One of the handsomest in town ;  
 He sold the bricks, the floors and stairs,  
 And charged my Lord for the repairs :  
 Then, to surpass the sweets of honey,  
 He lent his Lordship his own money !

I spare you more advice, the rather,  
 Thinking you cannot well go farther  
 Than keep, in every thing you do,  
 Your Master's ' interest ' still in view.

## THE GROOM.



EACH pot of ale (who'd ever think it,  
 Except yourself the while you drink it?  
 And thinking so, drink all the faster)  
 Tells for the credit of your Master.  
 I'm speaking now, as on a journey  
 You act by way of his attorney;  
 Through whom smith, saddler,—half the county  
 Participate his worship's bounty.  
 You are the herald of his worth,  
 His vast estates, 'amazing birth!'  
 You've but one way to show your sense,  
 While unrestricted for expense,  
 So ev'ry art and method try  
 To make his honour's money fly.  
 Your duty 'tis, beyond a doubt,  
 To turn the inn quite inside out;  
 Give cooks and ostlers full commission,  
 Put each man Jack in requisition,









THE GROOM.



Although you hav'n't time to deal  
With aught that can be call'd a meal.

Be sure, at every town you stop at,  
To choose those inns to take a drop at,  
Where you're respected all the more  
From having made a splash before ;  
Where all your pranks they understand,  
And pay their homage cap in hand ;  
Furnish your wines from the best bins,  
And outdo all the other inns.  
So cleverly to think you've got 'em,  
Your Master's purse can have no bottom !

If, when applying for a place,  
Your Master asks you, to your face,  
If you be sober, and the rest,  
Or somewhat giv'n to Hodges' best ?  
Confess you're fond of drinking courses,  
But "nothing bangs your love of horses."  
Thus he'll admire your candid way,  
And trust to all you do and say.  
Not that you'll do the like by him,  
Because you chance to suit his whim :

The only plan to bring you pelf,  
Is buying hay and oats yourself;  
Because you know a way so handy,  
To turn them into ale and brandy.

Further I'll not attempt to mix  
Myself at all with jockeys' tricks;  
Or run a race with such as you,  
Who'll take my hints, and beat me too !

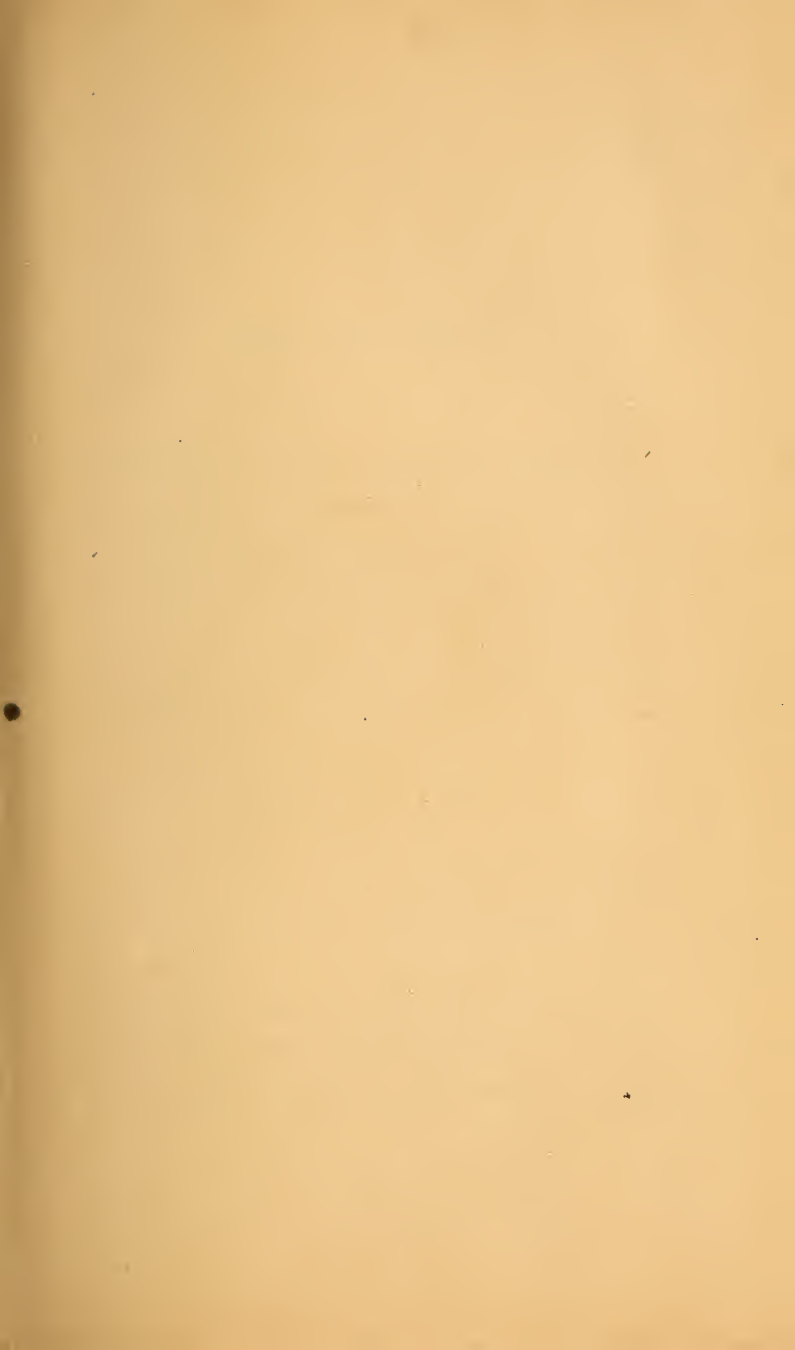
For once, then, I'll hold in the reins,  
Not to be jostled for my pains :  
The ' burning turf ' but brings remorse,  
And fairly warns me off the course.  
So rest, and finger still the ' cole,'  
Groom of the crib !—groom of the stole!





THE COACHMAN.







## THE COACHMAN.



YOU'RE bound to nothing, strictly speaking,  
But just to keep the wheels from creaking;  
And then to drive just slower, faster,  
To please yourself more than your Master.  
But teach your horses, when you're toping,  
The art to stand stock-still and moping.  
Tell Master that they're getting old,  
And "one on 'em has got a cold,"  
When at the alehouse you've a call,  
And not inclined to drive at all.

If Master takes a short excursion,  
Get drunk, and play up ' Mag's diversion ;'  
Pass some deep pit close to the brink,  
To show you're none the worse for drink ;  
And swear you can't decline ' October,'  
Or drive quite well if you're quite sober !

## THE NURSERY MAID.



LET children always, when they're ill,  
Both eat and drink whate'er they will ;  
Although 'forbid ' by Doctor Diet,  
'Twill do 'em good, and keep 'em quiet.  
They'll love you—all, and take it kind too,  
To throw their physic out of window :  
Remember, though, 'tis quite as well  
To bid the poor things "not to *tell*."  
Do for your Mistress just the same,  
If laid up either sick or lame ;  
And if she 'longs,'—whate'er the food,  
Engage that it will do her good.  
But if she goes to whip a child,  
Declare you're 'druv' distracted, wild ;  
And swear to leave *her* place you'd 'ruther,'  
Than live with such a *cruel* mother !







THE NURSERY MAID.





But don't go far enough to fret her ;  
She'll scold, but love you all the better  
For taking the ' dear children's part,'—  
You've " raily such a tender heart !"  
Yet when you're flirting in the park,  
Make 'em stop out till quite pitch dark ;  
And ' if so be as how' they cry,  
" They'll go to Bogey certain-ly !"



## THE DAIRY-MAID.



Be ever putting forth a splutter  
Of the fatigue of making butter :  
Even in summer you must learn  
Always to have a scalding churn.  
Cream a week old at least desire,  
And churn close to the kitchen fire.  
But of your business, still the great art  
Is,—saving cream for your own sweetheart !

## THE WET NURSE.



PERCHANCE, should you the child 'let fall,'  
 Confessing it 'won't do at all ;'  
 None can the secret e'er discover,  
 And if it *dies*, the danger's over.  
 To your own breast confine the bilk,  
 And save—your 'breasteziz' of milk.  
 Wean 'such as live' as soon as may be,  
 Out o' the way of the next baby.



## THE LAUNDRESS.



WHEN such a 'fantigue' you have been in,  
 You've with the iron singed the linen ;  
 Rub it with whiting, chalk, or flour,  
 For just the space of half an hour :  
 Then washing,—by repeated fags  
 Twill be all *right*, or—*all in rags*.

## THE GOVERNESS.

~~~~~

My task is now just nearly ended,
And you may justly feel offended,
To be so low upon the wall,
Or placed upon the list at all.

No one suspects that *you're* a glutton,
And so you're served with cold boiled mutton ;
Nor grudged, to aid your mental work,
That *luxury*—a silver fork !
Of course, you'll show no sort of blindness
To such extraordinary kindness.
A vulgar person, ' take your davy,'
Would have steel prongs, hot chops, and gravy ;
I'd e'en be charged with platitude,
But what I'd show my gratitude !
Say that " Miss Laura's too precocious ;
Jane so inert, Ruth so ferocious,
Rose quite an invalid ; Miss Liddy
So most abominably giddy,—
You can make nothing—maugre raillery,
Of any of 'em but—the salary ! ”

A FEW RULES,

WHICH CONCERN ALL SERVANTS IN GENERAL.



Who comes when called for, all agree,
Is 'servant' good as good can be;
Therefore, to save a deal of bother,
Speak for yourself, and for no other.

To put your Masters off their mettle,
And all disputes the sooner settle,
The only way is not to 'bend,'
But 'give as good as they can send.'

Never tell tales of one another,
Except of some too favoured brother;
But there it seems a rule confest
To heap the faults of all the rest:
I quite agree with Mister Gray,
To get all favourites 'turn'd away.'
Bribe little masters and young misses
With sugar-plums and slobb'ring kisses.
Thus they will say, "How good you are!"
And tell no tales to Pa or Mar.

Let every servant feel as great,
As if his Master's whole estate
Were meant to furnish prog and pelf
But for his individual self.
The Cook, for instance, thinks it queer
If twenty thousand pounds a-year
Won't make the household richly dine,—
And so the Butler thinks of wine.
Groom, Coachman, all the rest 'run on,'
Till sometimes all the money's gone.
"Fortune's a jilt," and "plague upon her!"
You did it all for "Master's honour!"
And though yourselves alone have brought it,
You're first to cry out "Who'd ha' thought it?"
Yet this may caution some on entry,
Not to set up too soon for gentry.

When upon errands you are sent,
(On something else, of course, intent)
And absent more than half the day,
Come back 'not knowing what to say;'
Then is the time you'll see the uses
Of a whole set of 'good excuses :'
"A near relation came a distance,
And really needing your assistance,—

An uncle whom you'd never seen
From 'such times' you were seventeen,
And all that you could raise (alack !)
Was scarce enough to take him back."—
"Some one, to whom you'd money lent,
Was making for the Continent."—
Make out a story,—cram it full :
The *cock* won't fight?—then try the *bull*.
"A 'peeler' had the nation gnous
To clap you in the station-house,
Where you were 'kep' the morning 'through,'
Quite ignorant of what to do,
Although you'd rather lie in jail,
Than ask his honour to stand bail;
And all because (though past belief)
You bore some likeness to a thief!
A fifth, 'more betterer' than all,
Was shipping off 'towards Bengal.'
"You went to try to use your tongue,
To save a friend from being hung;
You wrench'd your foot 'aginst a stone,'
And 'laid' your ancle to the bone;
Which gave you such a horrid 'feel,'
The Doctor thinks 'twill never heal.

But still you must submit to fate,
And hope you're not a *deal*—too late.”
Yet if, not mending much the case,
You swear till near ‘black in the face;’
If each fresh story they despise,
Though doing all that in you lies;
Confess, and say from earliest youth
You’ve thought it “best to tell the truth.”

Amongst the rest of my advices,
Defend all tradesmen ‘as to prices:’
The very thought of an abatement
Was for the *little*, not the great meant.
And who’d oppose a little tricking,
Which brings yourself a deal of picking?
And where,—to use an honest course,
The saddle’s put on the right horse?
Keep, then, those shopkeepers in view,
Who’ll more than wink at all you do;—
In short, trust no one (to save trouble),
That won’t make out a bill for double.

Mind nothing but your own affairs,
And let the rest attend to theirs.
Thus if, for instance, you are told
To shut the stable-door: make bold

To say (for that your only course is),
You “warn’t brought up at all to horses.”
The Footman’s ask’d to drive a nail,
And must adopt a sim’lar tale;
He “can’t in such a bus’ness stir,
But Tom can fetch th’ upholsterer!”

To put out candles there are ways
Demanding more than common praise.
Some of you make no ‘bones’ at all
Of dabbing it against the wall;
Some twirl it round, and round, and round;
Some tread it out upon the ground:
Others will give the spark release,
By drowning it in its own grease!
But being mostly done in haste,
Much must depend on your own taste;
Only remember, aught prefer
To a downright extinguisher!

But candles, still, I’ve not quite done with,
They’re things to make such store of fun with.
‘Put out the light,’ and still there’s room
Its ‘former’ twinklings to ‘relume.’
If once they’re lighted, that’s enough,—
All that is ‘left’ is kitchen-stuff:

But do not (never for your soul)
'Go for to' cut up candles whole !
I knew a girl who cut her sticks,
Because the chandler smoked the wicks,
Convinced there must be something rotten
With such a deuced heap of cotton :
It didn't ('nor ought it to') succeed,
Being a truly wicked deed !

Write both your own and sweetheart's names
(To show the height of both your flames,
Your love and learning both revealing)
With candle-smoke upon the ceiling,
And never mind whoever laughs,—
They're extra 'curious autographs !'

To shut or open doors if loath,
(And who'd be bother'd to do both ?)
To keep from quarrels about either,
The shortest way is to do neither.
But if the 'shutting' (quite a poser)
Brings a *command*, that's quite a closer :
Do it, to cause their special wonder,
To vie with any clap of thunder !
Thus while you prove you know your trade,
They'll be convinced that they're obeyed.

Indulge yourself in bouncing airs,
Go, mutt'ring all the way down stairs,—
“They're people that you will not stop with;”
It's “rayther more than you'll put up with.”
If you find out they *somehow* like you,
One thought will naturally strike you;
Give warning—instantly, and say
Your work is hard, with slender pay;
You really must have some advance,
“Service is no inheritance.”
If they be not awake, the sages
Will 'bate your work and raise your wages:
But if you're balk'd, and time runs on,
Inquiry's made why you're not gone?
Your fellow-servants, you explain,
Prevail'd on you to ‘stop again.’
But when you *do* go (you're the judge
Whether it's worth your while to budge),
Say “You have left so vile a race,
That none will venture on the place.”
Now take an honest friend's advice,—
Answer, when call'd not less than thrice;
“Dogs only come at the first whistle,”
And then in hopes of bone or gristle.

“ Who’s there ? ” when some wiseacres call,
Who’s there ? is no one’s name at all :
Keep quiet ; let ’em ‘ make a page ’
One of exactly ‘ their own age,’
And when you’re found, the helpless elves
Have done the mighty job themselves.

Whate’er you do, abhor a tell-tale,
In all things else you scarce can well fail ;
But when a servant turns his back,
Then all at once be at him smack,
And ev’ry fault the rest have done
Ascribe to him, when once he’s gone.
First, then, (though you are no detractor,)
“ He got in with a false charàcter ;
He was ungrateful,—oh, most horrid !
Deceit itself ‘ rit in his forrid,’
And one ‘ more wastefuller ’ of store,
‘ Never set foot into a door ; ’
’Twas him that spoilt the street-door lock,
’Twas him that broke the parlour clock,
That did whatever he might please,
That had a ‘ perfect set of keys !’
That nothing ‘ went ’ but he receiv’d it,
And ‘ shipp’d it off ’ when once he’d thiev’d it.”

If ask'd (which must be quite a bore),
"Pray why not tell all this before?"
Say that you thought it most judicious
Not to appear "the least malicious:"
And when you're tired of blaming flunkey,
Comes lap-dog, parrot, cat, and monkey.

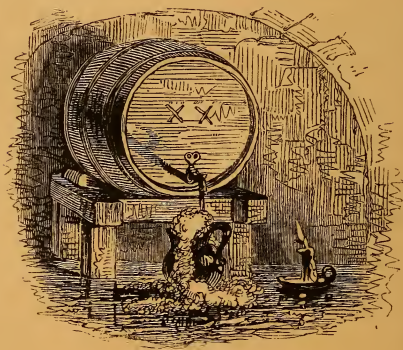
'Twill vastly mend your situation,
To meet with one false accusation;
For ev'ry fault you thence commit,
Of course you think it just and fit
To make to that some pert allusion,
To all the family's confusion:
In short, your triumph's now so plain,
They never dare find fault again.
Well, then: don't go and be so hateful,
As to turn round and prove ungrateful,
Drawing fresh pertness from my page,
E'en should you reach Methus'lem's age,
And whilst I've plann'd my whole endeavour,
For you and for your 'AIRS' for ever!

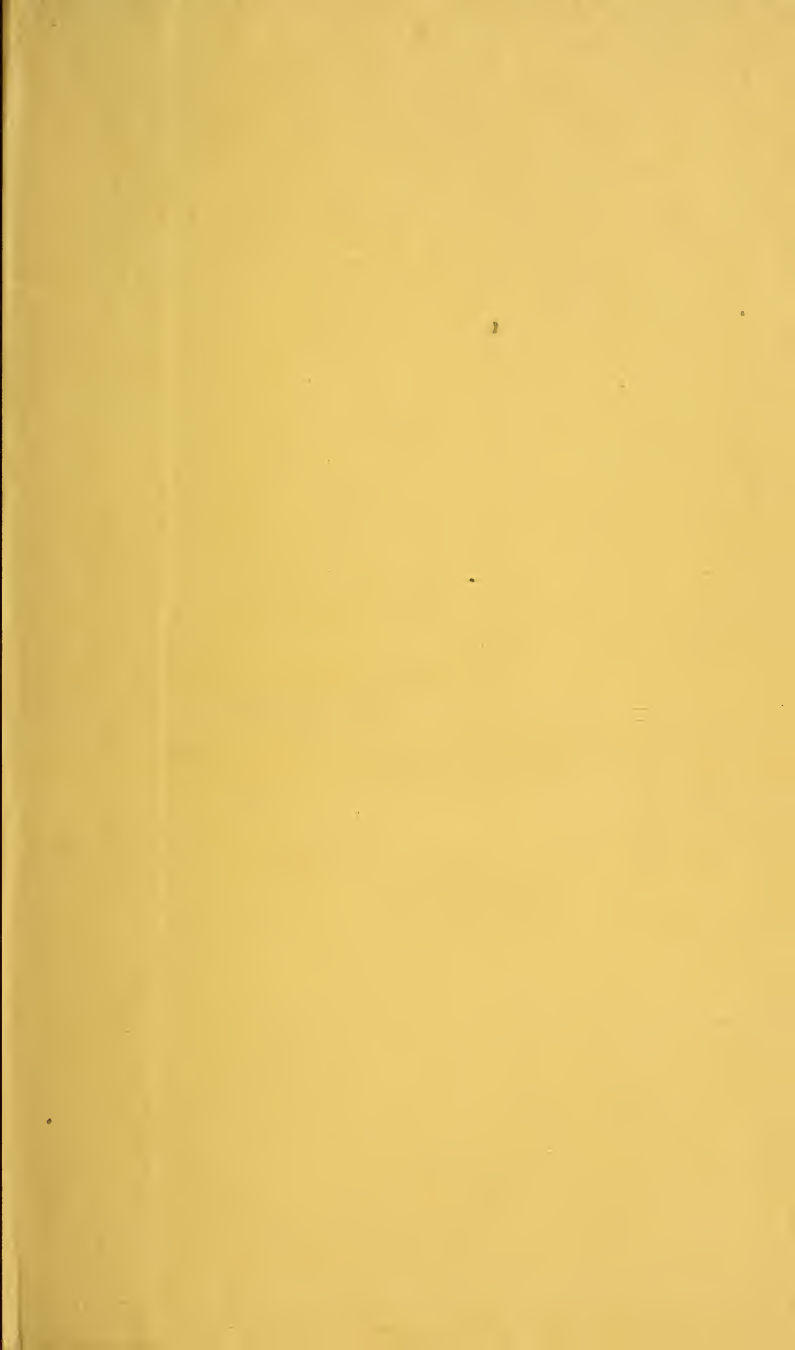
Now then for conjuration tricks:
Turn bottles into candlesticks,
And, unrestrained by vulgar rules,
Good four-legg'd chairs to three-legg'd stools.

Make dusters out of fancy-works,
Chew'd paper into patent corks,
With sundry excellent expedients,
Form'd from the most grotesque ingredients,
Which can't be quite politely spoken,
When any thing is lost or broken.
The tongs or shovel serves the stoker
When once you've broke the kitchen poker,
(A hardish job, as some may view it,
Yet some of you know how to do it) ;
Or Master's cane may go to wrack,
To keep it off the stoker's back !

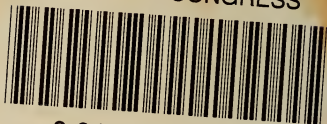
Still 'one more word': I do beseech you,
If *disapproving* aught I teach you,—
(Which I not only won't resent,
But deem my *highest compliment*,
The *true* intent 'no how' mistook,
With which I really wrote this book,)
Simply from EVERY LESSON vary,
And 'take and do' the '*clean contrary* !'
Your fellow-servants thus alarming,
Say that "variety is charming :"
Let 'em keep mimicking and watching,
And may they find that "mocking's *catching* !"

But one more rhyme I now can hitch in,
To swell the 'GLORIES OF THE KITCHEN ;'
Where you may romp and break the chairs,
Discuss all family affairs,
What to refuse, and what to grant,
What you 'shall' do, and what you 'shan't :'
Laugh, sing, and squall, vote care a viper,
Dancing while Master 'pays the piper,'
And boast the jovial, endless cheer,
Which makes it 'CHRISTMAS ALL THE YEAR !'





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